

PARIS ENJOYING SUMMER MYSTERY

Imagination Is Fired by Theft
of "Great Pearl Neck-
lace."

WHO STOLE THE SUGAR?

When That Question Is An-
swered, Jewels May Be
Found.

Paris, August 9.—Parisians are being treated to their regular summer mystery, which the Parisian truly loves. The disappearance of a \$650,000 pearl necklace from the mails between Paris and London has set the French police and the Scotland Yard sleuths busier than they have been in years.

But the "Great Necklace Mystery," as the newspapers refer to it, has more than the mere great value of the pearls to attract popular attention. The fact that when the packet reached London the place of the pearls had been taken by eleven lumps of sugar, has fired the imagination of the public. The entire story reads like detective fiction.

M. Salomons sealed in a packet a necklace of Oriental pearls valued at \$650,000, and said to be the most precious in the world, for shipment by registered post to Max Mayer, London. Many times before M. Salomons at the valuable jewels to his business associate, Mr. Mayer, and never had anything been stolen or lost.

It now develops that on the day that M. Salomons mailed the valuable packet a stranger sauntered into a small restaurant on the Boulevard Haussmann, not far from the branch post-office where the pearls were consigned to the care of the government, and seated himself at one of the tables. His order was not large. It consisted of some cheap dishes, and a demand for coffee, to be brought at once. The waiter served the coffee as instructed. After getting the liquid, the stranger, who had been glancing back and saw the customer take three lumps of sugar and deposit them in his pocket. The guest seemed to be busy with his thoughts for a moment, and then, glancing about as if to make sure he was unobserved, he again plucked the sugar bowl. The waiter's conclusion at the time was that his guest was some struggling art student or artist, although he didn't look like one, but in Paris one never can tell.

Finally the waiter decided that the stranger was merely taking lumps of sugar for his pocket, when the loss of the pearl necklace was made public and a reward of \$50,000 for its recovery and the arrest and conviction of the thief offered. Also, the story told of how lumps of sugar had been substituted for the pearls. On seeing this the waiter spared neither his strength nor his money in getting to see the Prefect of Police. Detectives are now at work on the difficult task of tracing the mysterious pilferer of the lumps of sugar, while all of Paris holds its breath and realizes that it is having a drama enacted before its eyes.

Goes In for Charity.

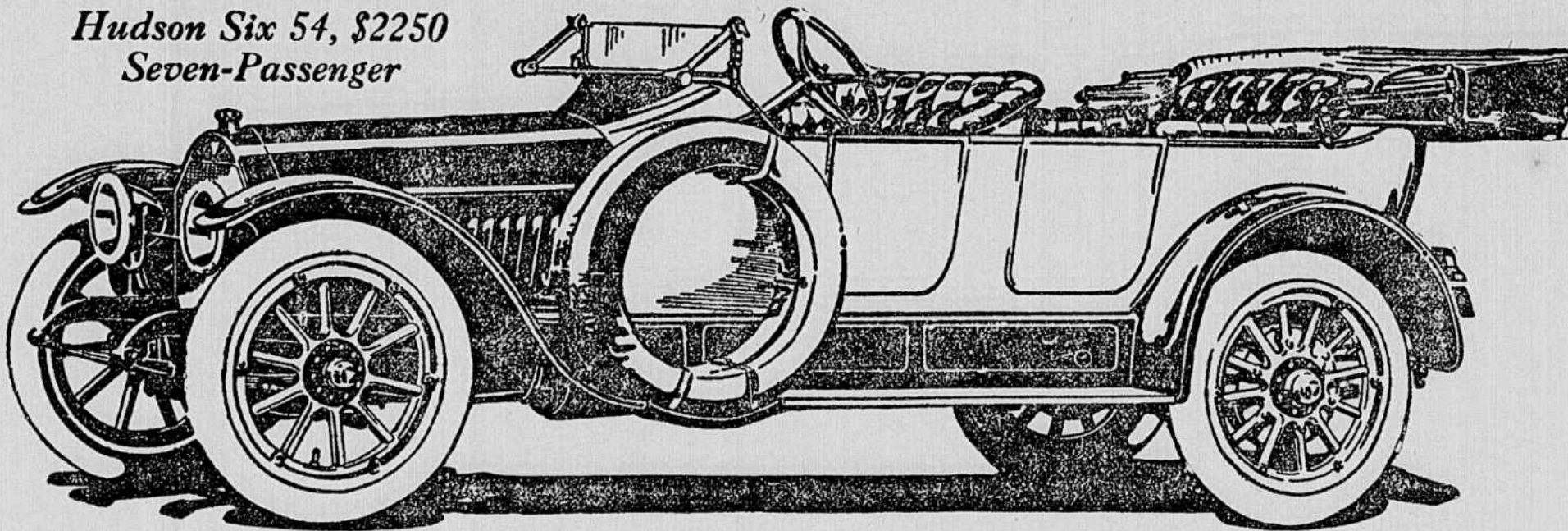
The Countess de la Rochefoucauld, daughter of the late United States Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, has gone in for charity. Her first step in this direction was rather startling and has aroused much interest. The countess has turned the magnificent home she owned in the city of Paris into a refuge for the homeless and the unfortunate. It is said the countess fully approves.

M. Cochen, leader of the Anti-Land League, became very friendly with the countess and countess, and succeeded in enlisting her in the ranks of the league. The result of this was the determination to turn over the De la Rochefoucauld home to the league for charity. Her first step in this direction was rather startling and has aroused much interest. The countess has turned the magnificent home she owned in the city of Paris into a refuge for the homeless and the unfortunate. It is said the countess fully approves.

The evicted families, headed by M. Cochen, assembled in the Place Victor Hugo and marched in triumph to their new home.

The New Ideal of a Distinguished Car

Hudson Six 54, \$2250
Seven-Passenger



HERE now is a car which typifies the ideals of the time. This streamline body—this long, sloping hood—this absence of angle at the dash—this low-hung chassis—these crowned fenders—this placing of extra tires so the front doors are left clear—these things belong to the car of today.

The consensus of the world's best opinion is that this type of car marks the coming ideal car. These are radical changes but they are coming as surely as foreboding came—and as suddenly.

All the best foreign cars—English, French and German—will this year exhibit exclusively this new streamline body. And all men know that what they adopt in body design becomes the world-wide vogue.

Our designers have added a hundred minor effects. They have Americanized—have Hudsonized—the type. So the car is distinctive. There will be no other just like it. But it embodies what we regard as the highest conception of the modern trend in bodies.

And we believe that every connoisseur will consider this new HUDSON Six the handsomest car exhibited.

Engineering Pauses

We can claim in this car no great advance as regards fine engineering and no HUDSON

owner expects it. Fine engineering has limits. For the past four years Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers have given their best to the HUDSON. Last year they brought Sixes pretty close to perfection. So close that the HUDSON Six jumped in one year into the foremost rank among Sixes.

These men have worked out in this new model car a vast number of minor engineering improvements. They have added scores of new mechanical features—some of them quite important. But we never expect to build a much better chassis than we built in our last year's Six.

This year's advances lie mainly in beauty, in comfort, in conveniences, in room. We have combined the best in lines, finish and equipment with the best in engineering. We have succeeded in making the HUDSON Six the masterpiece it is.

Now the Ideal Car

We now feel that this HUDSON 54 offers the utmost in every wanted feature. It has the staunchness of steel Pullmans. It has the comfort of Turkish lounging chairs. It has the speed of express trains. It is free from all the troubles which annoy the inexperienced.

No man knows how to build a car more

handsome and impressive. No conveniences are absent, no modern features lacking.

And all these things are here included in a Six 54, with seven-passenger body, at the record price of \$2250 (f.o.b. Detroit, Michigan).

The New Features

These are among the new features we bring out in this model. No mention is here made of the countless features in previous HUDSON models which we still retain.

- Seven-passenger body.
- 135-inch wheelbase.
- Left side drive. Right hand control.
- 36 x 4½-inch tires.
- Extra tires carried—as never before—on the front door. This leaves both front doors clear.
- Four forward speeds.
- Pure streamline body.
- Low-hung body.
- No angles at the dash.
- Wide tonneau doors.
- Gasoline tank in dash.
- Electric self-cranking, with the rapid type of the Delco system built especially for this car.

Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment for city driving. They also act as ordinance lights.

Extra seats in tonneau fold into back of front seat, entirely out of the way.

Jeweled magnetic speedometer in dash, with new concealed noiseless gears.

Every operation and control placed within reach of the driver's hand. Gasoline and oil control, lights and starter.

Individual Yale lock and ignition control, prevents theft of car.

Rain-vision windshield built as part of the car. Genuine Pantasote top. Curtains that are carried in the top can be instantly adjusted.

Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers—everything.

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Come to our showrooms and see this new achievement. It is not merely an improved car—it's a real innovation. It will display to you all the best thought of the day in automobile designing.

Come see it while it's new.
Catalog on request.

Gordon Motor Company
INCORPORATED

MEMBERS OF ACADEMY BEFORE REVOLUTION

Fact Overlooked That Women
at One Time Had This
Honor.

BY LA MARQUE DE FONTENAY.

FEW people, even in France, seem to be aware that prior to the great revolution of 1789 in Paris, there were a number of female Academicians. For no mention thereof has been made, either in the French press or elsewhere, in connection with the agitation now in progress on the banks of the Seine, with a view to the elec-

tion of members of the fair sex to one or another of the five academies that constitute the Institute of France: a measure which is being combated as an unheard-of innovation.

Most of the former women academicians belonged to the Academy of Fine Arts, which was founded by Louis XIV. In 1648, under the title of "L'Académie Royale des Beaux Arts," and it has always been composed of the most eminent painters, sculptors, engravers, architects and musical composers. Its women members have included Catherine Duchenin, painter, and wife of the sculptor Girardon.

elect, in 1643, and Louise Lebrun, who, on the proposal of Joseph Vermet, the painter, was elected to membership in 1783. No less than 600 of her paintings remain in existence. They are to be found in most of the leading national museums of Europe, as well as in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

I have before me a list of at least a dozen other female academicians, all elected in the eighteenth century, and there is no record of any election of a woman within the last hundred years. Yet the silk-embroidered gown which constitutes the principal garment of that century which Napoleon I. designed for the members of the academies of France, would be seen to much greater advantage on elegant women, than on portly, elderly men, to whom they give an appearance of parakeets.

No credence whatever need be accorded to the stories current in London, and cabled to this country during the past week, alleging the Marquis de Soveral to be secretly married to Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal. I have already had occasion to give in these letters an authoritative and official denial of an analogous report connecting the widowed Queen's name with another extremely loyal member of the Portuguese aristocracy.

The Marquis of Soveral is the most faithful counselor of the Queen and of her son, and has been more than ever devoted to his services, as such since the loss of their throne. He has been the guide and mentor of Dom Manuel in his exile, and it is due to his influence and guidance that the young King has kept clear of scandals, as well as of questionable entanglements, and is now about to become the husband of a very clever Hohenzollern princess, who is incidentally a great heiress, and will bring him a large fortune.

But while paying full tribute to the services of De Soveral in this respect, there are a number of reasons why Queen Marie Amelie would hesitate to bestow upon him her hand. In the first place, the marquis does not belong to the old Portuguese aristocracy. He received his title from the late King Carlos, at the instance of Edward VII, who was very fond of him. Then, too, De Soveral is burdened with some unpleasant relatives. In fact, had he not been so much of a favorite of King Edward, when Prince of Wales, his diplomatic career would have been wrecked soon after his appointment to London as Portuguese envoy, by the escapades of his father, a very gay and not altogether respectable old gentleman, who ultimately landed in the bankruptcy court in London, after a warrant had been issued for his arrest as an absconding debtor and hotel beat.

Wishing to take advantage of his son's diplomatic office, the late King of Soveral came to England, and wound up there a particularly festive time by inducing a young lady of moderate circumstances and of the lower middle class, named Ida Cashel, to marry him at Folkestone, sitting at rest her scruples with regard to the inferiority of her rank and fortune by writing her out a check for \$100,000, which he presented to her as a dowry, being careful, however, to recover possession of the check during the honeymoon, which was spent at Chantilly, near Paris. The mother of the bride accompanied the couple, and for two months they lived at Chantilly, on the fat of the land. The landlord did not manifest any hurry to present his account, being aware that the bridegroom was the father of the Portuguese envoy in London, and, in the second place, because he had in the hotel safe the

casket of magnificent jewels presented by the old gentleman as his wedding gift to the bride.

At length the hotel proprietor was forced by scarcity of funds to press for the payment of his bill, whereupon old De Soveral went out for a stroll and did not return. On the police being communicated with by the anxious wife, who was alarmed lest something should have befallen her husband, he was traced to Calais, where he had embarked for England. Entirely without funds, the women were at their wits' end to know what to do, and finally offered to leave the casket of jewels with the hotel proprietor, as security for the payment of their debt. When the jewelry was examined, it was found to be more imitation.

Proceedings followed in the English courts by the hotel proprietor to get his money, and also by the abandoned wife, for desertion; but it was not until a warrant had actually been issued for the arrest of old Soveral, that his son, the envoy, who complained that he had been obliged to spend no end of money in his father's behalf, intervened to the extent of preserving him from jail, though not from bankruptcy. As no divorce ever took place, the former Ida Cashel remains Madame de Soveral, and stepmother to the marquis.

The latter is now fairly well off, though by no means a wealthy man, and is indebted for his financial independence to the advice, and the Stock Exchange tips, given to him by his close friend, Sir Ernest Cassel, the well-known Anglo-German financier in London, who played so important a role in the reorganization of King Edward's private finances, on his accession to the throne.

I may add that Queen Marie Amelie's fate in having first one and then another secret marriage imputed to her, without any shadow of foundation, is that of almost every widowed royal lady. Queen Marguerite of Italy, Queen Mother Christina of Spain, the late Empress Frederick, the Duchess of Cornwall's mother, Princess Frederic Charles of Prussia, the ex-Queen of Naples, Queen Adelaide of Great Britain, Queen Natalie of Serbia, and

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even the late Queen Victoria, have all been the victims of fairy tales such as these, in print, which, though without foundation, were nevertheless a source of much annoyance, and even, in some cases of distress. As a rule, the royal ladies concerned prefer to suffer in silence, rather than appear to give any importance to the reports by honoring them with a denial. There is only one instance that I can

recall of any of these alleged secret marriages proving to have actually taken place, namely that of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania's mother, Princess Hermann of Wied, with Baron Francis von Roggenbach, Minister of Baden, and in the closing years of his life the chief of her household. (Copyright, 1913, by the Brentwood Company.)

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE FOR A VALUABLE PRIZE

Play a Clean, Bright Game With The Times-Dispatch for Stakes of \$1,200.
If you want to remain just where you are in life continue to flitter away your time just as you are doing now. You work all day for your boss. The only time you have to get away from working for your boss is in the evening. Relax! But make your play pay more than any work ever could. Start playing the great \$1,200 game of solving pictures, called the Book-lovers' Contest. It consists of a series of seventy-seven pictures, each of which represents the title of a book. One picture appears each day in this newspaper, and to-day picture No. 15 is printed.

Now, why not get the fourteen pictures that have been published thus far, and start in solving and solving the balance as they appear? If you get the fourteen back pictures you will be up even with the contestants who started solving the pictures fourteen days ago. Only you'll have to sprint a little and get those fourteen pictures solved. You can do that in one evening.

And this is the way to get all the fourteen pictures that have appeared, get them free, and start after first prize.

Get a contest catalogue for 25 cents, or 40 cents by mail. This is simply a list of 5,000 book titles, arranged in alphabetical order. But seventy-seven of these 5,000 titles are guaranteed to be the seventy-seven correct titles to the seventy-seven pictures.

Each one of the seventy-seven book titles was selected from this list, you see. Then the pictures were drawn to represent the titles. So when you have a catalogue you have a list containing the seventy-seven correct titles, and all you need is ingenuity enough to find them.

Book knowledge? Not at all! First prize in a contest conducted in New York was won by a policeman with a primary school education. But he had shrewdness; he used his common sense, and he pulled out first. First prize on a big Boston paper's contest was won by an eighteen-year-old boy, who worked in a post-office in a near-by village. Those people have good, rugged shrewdness, and they figure out what sort of a book title each picture must have been drawn to represent.

Then they run over the titles in the catalogue until they find the title that suits them.

While studying over a picture several possible parts of titles will occur to you. Look them all up in the catalogue. See if any such title as one of those you have thought up is listed there. And remember that the correct title to each picture is in the list!

With each catalogue you get, free, seven certificates, redeemable for the first thirty-five pictures. Each certificate is good for a certain five of the first thirty-five pictures, but no certificate is redeemable until all the pictures for which it is good have been printed. Thus certificate No. 1 is good for pictures 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Certificate No. 2 is good for pictures 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Certificate No. 3 is good for pictures 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15. And all three of these certificates are now redeemable, as all the pictures for which they are good have already been

printed in the paper. But certificate No. 4, which is good for pictures 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, will not be redeemable until after picture No. 20 has appeared. And so on for the rest of the seven certificates.

Get that catalogue and the free picture certificates with it. Play the game for all the fun—and fortune—in it!

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT—REV. J. CALVIN STEWART, D. D., pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. by A. S. MAXWELL, of the Seminary. Wednesday evening service at 8:15 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Bible classes meet at 10 A. M. Joint union service at night in the Church of the Covenant; sermon by J. J. SCHREIBER, JR. at 8:15.

PRETTY SONG OF GIRLISH LOVE

Quite a pretty song is now in vogue in New York. It is a very plain, home-like affair in which the love-lorn laddie finds his ideal in a girl who is good, rather than pretty. The idea seems to take with the fair sex, for they eagerly pay their little dime for copies of the music. Here is a portion of the chorus:

YOU'RE MY GIRL
Chorus. By K. HEATH.

You're my girl, you're my girl,
Two red lips to kiss me right, Two round arms to hold me tight, For you're my girl, and in all this world no other girl could win my heart, For you're my girl.

The song has only been out a few days, but already thousands of copies have been sold. Several advance sheets of the song reached Richmond yesterday.—Advertisement.

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Make our store an objective point of your visit to Richmond. We'd like to show you our conception of the word

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A service to customers that has made our business one of the largest of its kind in the South.